

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a Palamon.

Emil. Then he has won: Twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is
Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.

Shows, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still Palamon.

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon on the left, why so, I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

Another cry, and shows within, and Cornets.

On the sinister side, the heart lyes; Palamon
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour
Is sure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They saide that Palamon had Arcites body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a Palamon: But anon,
Th'Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a Man: their single share,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.

To any Lady breathing — More exulting?
Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

Cornets.

Cornets. a great shout and cry, Arcite, victory.

Set both thine eares to'th busines.

Ser. The cry is

Arcite, and victory, harke Arcite, victory,

The Combats consummation is proclaim'd

By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Halfe sights saw

That Arcite was no babe: god's lyd, his richnes

And costlines of spirit look't through him, it could

No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,

Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters,

That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke

Good Palamon would miscarry, yet I knew not

Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not prophets

When oft our fancies are: They are coming off:

Alas poore Palamon. *Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,

Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest Emily,

The gods by their divine arbitrament

Have given you this Knight, he is a good one

As ever strooke at head: Give me your hands;

Receive you her, you him, be plighted with

A love that growes, as you decay;

Arcite. Emily.

To buy you, I have lost what's deere'st to me;

Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheapely;

As I doe rate your value.

Thes. O loved Sister,

He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere

Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the gods

Would have him die a Bachelour, least his race

Should shew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour

So charmd me, that me thought Alcides was

To him a sow of lead: if I could praise

Each part of him to'th all; I have spoke, your Arcite

Did not loose by't: For he that was thus good

M 2

Encountred